

**JIM GOT A NEW SILK HAT.**

Young "Annie Rooney" on a Chicago corner without attracting attention.

"I bet you a new silk hat that I could get at Madison and State streets any Friday afternoon and sing 'Little Annie Rooney' at the top of my voice and not attract the attention of as many as three persons."

That was Jim's plan in a downtown restaurant, a young Chicagoan, whose name may be Jim, and his New England son, George. It was George's first visit to Chicago, and he had expressed himself delighted with all the marvels and seen them.

"They are talking at the Chicago crowds and sipping their wine and Jim made the foregoing statement."

"Why? What do you mean?" asked the young man.

"Just what I say—that I can yell 'Little Annie Rooney' at State and Madison street corners and not attract

There will be such a crowd and that not as many as three persons may pay any attention to me whatever." "Pshaw! I don't believe it." "I'll take the next Saturday afternoon, the long men made their way to the corner in question. It was rather late, the shoppers and clerks and typewriters and laborers were hurrying home. Newsboys whistled about the streets yapping as loud as they could, the red and white cars were mingled and the cable cars kept up a steady din, and the pavements gave out a great roar of resonance from the hundreds of wheels that rolled over the little blocks. George was game. It was clear that he had never seen the before, but he got close to Jim's side and shouted, "You're a hell of a good man!"

his head back and yelled at the  
 of his voice:  
 She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau;  
 She's my Annie! I'm her Joe.  
 And we'll be married in a minute,  
 Little Aunt Maureen in my sweetheart.  
 The old man who was flung against  
 slinger by the burrying crowd looked  
 in an annoyed way and moved  
 and a hot female man who had  
 to the corner for his night's work  
 beat the young fellow critically an  
 ant and then began his monotonous  
 to one else in the swaying stream of  
 humanity as much as looked to one side  
 the other. In true Chicago style they  
 at straight toward their various des-  
 tinations.  
 He wears a new tie. — Chicago  
 bune.

ABOUT DOGS.

There is a great difference of opinion on the subject of dogs. If some people are admired, and fondled, and fed, and have collars around their necks, and embroidered blankets for their backs, and they lie on the lady's lap, and make their sisters the angels, and are the center of the family circle, and are the subject of the first question in coming into the house after a ride is: "Where is Spot?" others abhor dogs. The innocent calves, passing the threshold, are met with emphatic "Get out!" They go in their heads down all their days, and in awhile lifting a timid eye to a dog, they see, as if in a vision, the outrage, giving a slip of repugnance and darting down the road. One-half dogs you see bear the marks of pillation. They never saw a bone all the meat was picked off, and no

tion, and had gone under the shed for a noontid prey, than they were called away. They have had spitticks on their tail, and tin pans appended, the whole crew of boys shout-as the miserable crier went down the street rattle-tle-bang. He franked up hastily to greet a sweet lady as she came to the gate, and the damsel looked as if she had been massacred, for how fierce had been the arms of her and the sound of the damsel's opening bag: "That horrid dog!" What notions have dogs at respectability?—wonders that they steal sheep—munge.

**The Princess and the Hat.**

ately the little sons of the emperor of Germany were shown the mysteries of a chapeau-claque or crush hat. Shortly afterward, in the anteroom of his father, they found a tall hat and

and without the clasp mechanism actually refused to shut. At last one prince, growing impatient, said to brother: "Sit on it, Fritzenheim." Itz obeyed; there followed a loud clasp and a roar of laughter from the on-lookers at the mischief. The emperor then went to ask the cause of the disturbance. Pointing to the prince who had crowned prince replied, with a stately salute: "The obstinate thing didn't shut at first, but among us we managed to make it change its mind!" The wrecked hat was replaced by a new one, which the owner will doubtless keep as a souvenir of a very amusing episode in the life of his country's monarch.—Manchester Times.

**Needless Alarm.**

Dangerous things look safe, and safe things look dangerous. The trouble is

Englishman was on voyage to Spain. The ships were flying by, of varying size and color. One, the Englishman noticed, was bearing slowly down toward him, with her cargo piled on deck half-way to the masts! What could she be? How could she hope, in this way, to live out the faintest suspicion of a gale? The English traveler was considerably nervous about her. Something ought to be done to make such "deck-loading" illegal and punishable. He scanned the vessel with glass. The breeze was light, but she rode buoyantly. At last a sailor crept up the mystery.

"Why, sir," he said, bluntly, "she's a coaster, loaded with cork."—*THE COMPANION.*

**AMERICAN WOMEN.**

drinking fountain by Miss Caroline  
Stokes, in memory of Ann  
Hill, of England, the author of  
"Lack Beauty."

THERE were forty-eight men and one  
woman in the graduating class in the  
college of pharmacy, Northwestern uni-  
versity, and the woman, Viola Griswold,  
won the first prize.

M. MITTIE BAILEY, of Virginia, one  
of the nine women recently graduated  
from the Pennsylvania college of dental  
surgery, has been appointed resident  
dentist at the Williamson school.







